



# In Recital

## CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERT

Thursday, December 6, 1990 at 8 pm

Sonata for 2 Pianos and Percussion (1937)	Béla Bartók (1881-1945)
II. Lento ma non troppo	
III. Allegro non troppo	
*Roger Admiral and *Corey Hamm, pianos	
Trevor Brandenburg and Rajat Nigam, percussion	
Music from <u>The Threepenny Opera</u> (Dreigroschenoper, 1928)	Kurt Weill (1900-1950)
Tango	
Polly's Song	
Ballad of the Good Life	
Choral	
*Shannon Bolichowski, soprano saxophone	
*Jennifer Beare, alto saxophone	
Dana Parkson, tenor saxophone	
*Jennifer Jewell, baritone saxophone	
Quartet for Saxophones (1984)	Seymour Barab (b. 1921)
II. Andante maestoso	
III. Presto	
Michael Spindloe, soprano saxophone	
*Dan Baker, alto saxophone	
Charles Stolte, tenor saxophone	
Tania Prior, baritone saxophone	
"En Forêt" for Horn and Piano, Op. 40 (Written for Monsieur M.J. Deveny, Professor au Conservatoire National de Paris)	Eugène Bozza (b. 1905)
"Reverie" for Horn and Piano, Op. 24	Alexander Glazunov (1865-1936)
Craig Scott, horn	
Scott Godin, piano	
<u>Trois Mélodies</u> (1916)	Eric Satie (1866-1925)
La statue de bronze (Fargue)	
Daphnéo (M God)	
Le Chapelier (Chalupt)	
Lachen und Weinen (Rückert) Op. 59, No. 4	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Nacht und Träume (Collin) Op. 43, No. 2	
Gretchen am Spinnrade (Goethe) Op. 2	
Mariann Cunningham, soprano	
Nadia Wichrowska, piano	
Vergebliches Ständchen (Folklore) Op. 84, No. 4	Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
An die Nachtigall (Höltý) Op. 46, No. 4	
Botschaft (Daumer) Op. 47, No. 1	
Die Mainacht (Höltý) Op. 43, No. 2	
Meine Liebe ist grün (F. Schumann) Op. 63, No. 5	
Marilyn Golletz, soprano	
Patricia Briskie, piano	

## INTERMISSION

Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Mandoline (Verlaine)  
From Ariettes oubliées

Romance (Bourget)  
Green (Verlaine)  
C'est l'extase (Verlaine)  
Chevaux de Bois (Verlaine)

Elizabeth Sommer, mezzo-soprano  
Patricia Briskie, piano

Claude Debussy  
(1862-1918)

Sonata in E-flat Major for Violin and Piano,  
Op. 18 (1887)

II. Improvisation  
III. Finale

Norman Nelson (Faculty), violin  
Patricia Edwards, piano

Richard Strauss  
(1864-1949)

Piano Quartetto I in G Minor, K. 478 (1784)  
I. Allegro

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart  
(1756-1791)

Jennifer Bustin, violin  
Marnie Ozipko, viola  
Liza Wagner, cello  
Helen Hong, piano

Trio in E-flat Major, K. 498 (1786)  
III. Allegretto

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Mien Jou, clarinet  
Glenn Archibald, viola  
Pamela Grobden, piano

Sonate (1918)

I. Tranquille  
III. Emporté  
IV. Douloureux

Darius Milhaud  
(1892-1974)

Sharie Rathwell, oboe  
Karen Noel-Bentley, clarinet  
Karen Theuser, flute  
Barbara Ritz, piano

String Quartet in D Major, Op. 44, No. 1 (1838)  
I. Molto allegro vivace

Felix Mendelssohn  
(1809-1847)

Anne McDougall, violin  
Heather Neufeld-Bergen, violin  
Glenn Archibald, viola  
Karen McClellan, cello

\*denotes guest artist

## TRANSLATIONS

### Trois Mélodies

#### La statue de bronze/The Bronze Statue

The frog from the game  
Lured at night under the arbor  
He has had enough of being a statue  
Who is going to state an important word,  
The word.

He would like better to be with others  
Who make bubbles of music  
With the soap of the moon.  
By the bronze colored wash house  
Seen gleaming through the branches  
In the heart of the day a fountain  
goes through the frog which brings him  
no benefit,  
And goes to ring in the "cabinets"  
of the numbered pedestal of the frog.  
At night the insects sleep in the  
mouth of the bronze statue.

#### Daphnéo/Daphnéo

Tell me, Daphnéo, what is this tree  
of which the fruits are birds  
that cry?

That tree, Chrysaline, is an "oisetier."  
Ah!...

I thought that "Noisetiers" gave nuts,  
Daphnéo.--

Yes, Chrysaline, the "Noisetiers" give  
nuts  
But the "oisetiers" give birds  
that cry.--

Ah!...

#### Le Chapelier/The Hatter

The hatter is astonished to find that  
His watch is late by three days,  
Even though he had kept it greased  
With the very best butter.  
But he has let bread crumbs  
Fall in the cogs  
And even though he has plunged  
His watch in the tea.  
It will not go any faster.

#### Lachen und Weinen/Laughters and Tears

Laughter and tears  
At all hours  
Can have so many causes  
When one is in love.  
In the morning I laughed with pleasure,  
And why I now weep  
In the evening light,  
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter  
At all hours  
Can have so many causes  
When one is in love.  
In the evening I was weeping with grief;  
And how can you wake  
In the morning with laughter,  
I must ask you, my heart!

#### Nacht und Träume/Night and Dreams

Holy Night, thou art descending.  
Dreams too, are floating downward,  
Like thy moonlight through the space,  
Through the quiet hearts of men.

They behold it with joy,  
And call aloud when they day breaks:  
Return again, Holy Night,  
Sweet dreams, return again!

#### Gretchen am Spinnrade/Gretchen at the Spinning-Wheel

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again,  
In his absence, I feel as if dead,  
And the whole world is turned to gall.

My poor head is distracted.  
My poor mind is shattered,  
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again.

For him alone I look out of the window,  
For him alone I go out of the house.  
His lofty carriage, his noble form,  
The smile of his lips, the power in his glance.

And the magic flow of his speech,  
The clasp of his hand, and oh! his kiss!  
My peace is gone, my heart is heavy,  
I can never find peace, never again.

My bosom yearns towards him,  
Oh, might I grasp and hold him!  
And kiss him all I could,  
And on his kisses I would pass away!

#### Vergebliches Ständchen/Vain Serenade

'Good evening, my love, good evening, my child!  
I come out of love for you,  
ah, open your door to me,  
open your door!'

'My door is locked, I'll not let you in,  
my mother advises wisely,  
were you in here by right,  
it were all over with me.'

'So cold is the night, so icy the wind  
that my heart will freeze,  
my love will die,  
open to me, my child.'

'If your love will die, then let it die,  
and if it keeps on dying,  
go home to bed, to rest!  
Good night, my lad!'

#### An die Nachtigall/To the Nightingale

Pour not so loudly love-inflamed songs'  
rich sounds  
down from the apple's blossom bough,  
O nightingale!

Your sweet throat calls  
love awake in me;  
for already my innermost soul thrills  
to your melting 'Ah'.

Sleep again then flees this couch,  
and I gaze,  
moist-eyed, haggard, deathly pale  
to heaven.

Fly, nightingale, to green dark places,  
to the woodland thicket,  
and in your nest kiss yur faithful wife,  
fly away, away!

## Translations

### Botschaft/Message

Blow, breeze, gentle and loving  
about the cheek of my beloved,  
play tenderly in her locks,  
be not swift to fly away.

If then she should ask  
how things are with poor me,  
say: 'Infinite has been in woe,  
most critical his state;

but now he can hope  
gloriously to revive,  
for you, sweet one,  
are thinking of him.'

### Die Mainacht/May Night

When the silver moon shines through the shrubs,  
scattering its slumbering light on the grass,  
and the nightingale flutes,  
sadly, from bush to bush, I wander.

By foliage concealed, a pair of doves coo  
out to me their ecstasy; but I turn away,  
seek deeper shade,  
and a solitary tear flows.

When, O smiling image, that like dawn  
irradiates my soul, shall I find you on earth?  
And that solitary tear  
trembles the hotter down my cheek!

### Meine Liebe ist grün/My Love is Green

My love is green as the lilac,  
and my love is fair as the sun;  
the sun gleams down on the lilac  
and fills it with scent and joy.

My love has nightingale's wings  
and sways in blossoming lilac,  
exults and scent-enraptured, sings  
many a love-drunk song.

### Mandoline/Mandolin

The serenading swains  
And their lovely listeners  
Exchange insipid remarks  
Under the singing boughs.  
There is Tircis and there is Aminta,  
And the eternal Clintander,  
And there is Damis, who for many cruel ladies  
Fashions many tender verses.,  
Their short silken vests,  
Their long dresses with trains,  
Their elegance, their gaiety  
And their soft blue shadows  
Whirl madly in the ecstasy  
Of a moon rose and gray,  
And the mandolin chatters  
Amid the trembling of the breeze..  
La, la, la, la, la...

### Romance/Romance

The fleeting and suffering soul,  
The gentle soul, the fragrant soul  
Of those divine lilies which I gathered  
In the garden of your thoughts,  
Whither have the winds driven it,  
That adorable soul of the lilies?  
Is there no fragrance remaining  
Of the heavenly loveliness  
Of those days when you enveloped me  
In a celestial haze,  
Fashioned of hope, of faithful love,  
Of blessedness and of peace?

### Green/Green

Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches,  
And here, also is my heart which beats only for you.  
Do not tear it apart with your two white hands,  
And may this humble offering seem sweet to your so  
lovely eyes.

I come, still covered with dew,  
Which the morning wind has turned to frost on my brow.  
Permit that my fatigue, reposing at your feet  
May dream of the cherished moments that will refresh it!  
On your young bosom let me cradle my head,  
Still filled with music from your last kisses;  
Let it be soothed after the good storm,  
And let me sleep a little, while you rest.

### C'est l'extase/This is ecstasy

This is languorous ecstasy  
This is sensual weariness,  
This is all the rustling of forests  
In the embrace of the breezes.  
This is, through the gray boughs,  
The chorus of little voice.  
Oh, the faint cool murmur,  
It twitters and whispers,  
It resembles the gentle cry  
Which the reflexed grass exhales.  
You might call it, --under the water which eddies--  
the muted rolling of pebbles!  
This soul which is lamenting  
In this subdued plaint,  
It is ours, is it not?  
Say that it is mine, and yours  
Which breathes this humble hymn,  
So softly, on this mild evening.

### Chevaux de Bois/Wooden Horses

Turn round, keep turning, good wooden horses,  
Turn a hundred times, turn a thousand times.  
Turn often and do not stop,  
Turn round, turn to the tune of the oboes.  
The child quite red and the mother white,  
The boy in black and the girl in rose,  
Each one doing as he pleases,  
Each one spending his Sunday penny.  
Turn round, turn, horses of their choice,  
While at all your turning  
The sly rogue casts a surreptitious glance.  
Keeping turning to the tune of the victorious trumpet!  
Is it astounding how intoxicates you,  
To move thus in this foolish circus,  
With empty stomachs and dizzy heads,  
Feeling altogether badly, yet happy in the crowd;  
Turn, hobby horses, without needing  
Ever the aid of spurs  
To make you gallop on  
Turn round, turn, without any hope of hay,  
And hurry, horses of their fancy,  
Here, already the supper bell is sounded  
By Night, which falls and disperses the crowd  
Of gay drinkers, whose thirst has made them famished.  
Turn, turn round! The velvet sky  
Arrays itself slowly with golden stars.  
The church tolls a mournful knell.  
Turn to the gay tune of the drums, keep turning.